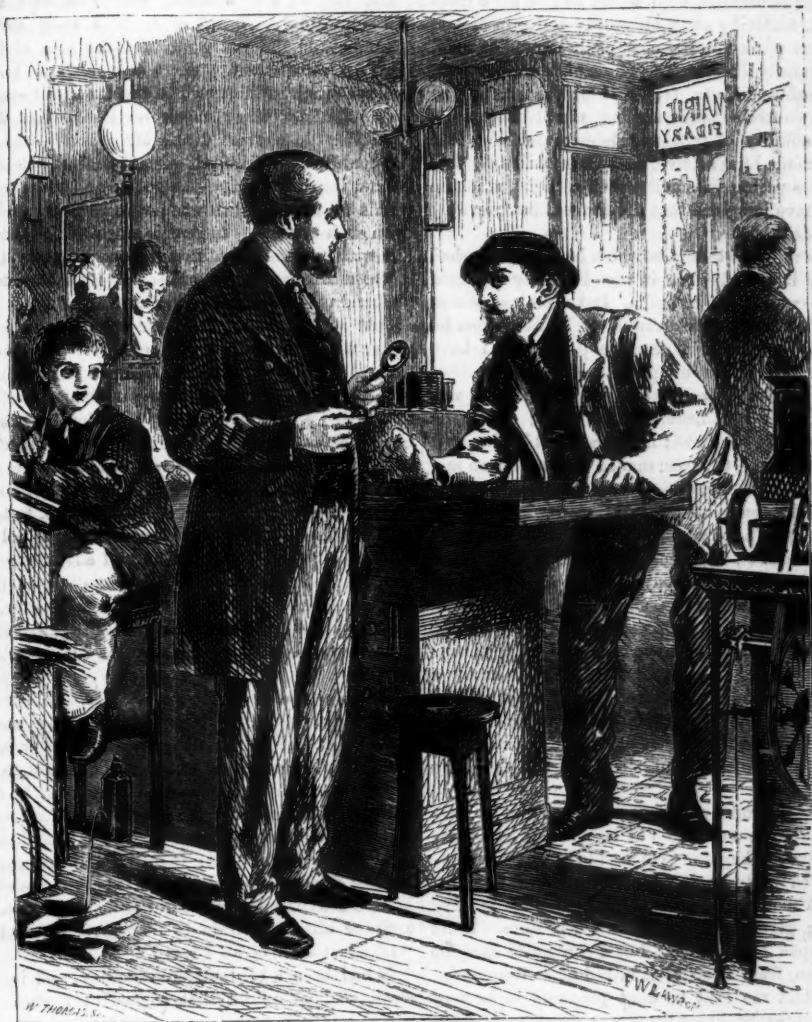


THE QUIVER

Saturday, November 11, 1865.



"Fifteen thousand pounds."—p. 116.

EVER THE SAME.

HOW can I possibly forget that day? It was his last in England—the last he was to spend among scenes which then, for the first time, he must have learned to appreciate. It was at such a time that it must have occurred to Archie Gage that he had been all along incapable of realising the value of a life of comfort and happiness, when almost everything he desired was in his grasp.

Now, however, that the day had come for him to throw off the mantle and discover the reality, bitter indeed must have been the pang that it cost him.

To part from dear old parents—sweet, affectionate sister and brothers, who had rough but manly hearts—this was Archie Gage's fate. Friends, too, he had—some good, some bad; most of them butterfly acquaintances, with whom he had gone hand in hand, frittering away an empty and purposeless life—poor weak fellows, most of them, and as such, how painfully like himself! Some of them, however, were sterling fellows, true and upright men, who had shown Archie many a silent, unobtrusive proof of the nobility of true friendship; and who had almost made him believe, in spite of himself, that there was perhaps a small streak of light, when he would have imagined that the fire was irretrievably extinguished.

These were the thoughts which he told me rushed through his mind when it was definitely arranged that he was to go to India. But there was something else in the background, as I knew when he halted over his story. Such a parting as I have described was a hard enough trial, it is true. Another picture evidently came before his mind: it was thinking of a still heavier parting yet; and as he kept brooding over what he knew must be, he grew dull and absent, till I persuaded him to rely on me, and then he told me all.

He had been sent up to London when quite a boy; to fight his own way in the world, as people choose to call it, with nobody in particular to care much for him, and nobody at all to advise him or look after him in the slightest degree. What wonder that he did pretty well as he liked? Young men don't always, of their own free will, choose the most sensible course. He did what many a young man had done before him. Slowly and by sure degrees he was evidently slipping down a bright and rose-tinted glacier, but he was not quite buried beneath the pure-looking but deceptive snow.

A slight, tender arm was stretched out to save him; he made one clutch at it, and was safe. He never stumbled again. He used to talk to me in exaggerated raptures about the first evening he met Edith Abbott. It was at a pleasant little musical evening, given by a mutual friend of ours. I did not happen to be present, but I can quite imagine the scene, from hearing it talked of so frequently. Archie told me that he went prepared to be very wretched, as he knew there was every probability of his not knowing a soul in the room. Chance threw Archie and Edith very much together that evening. He was strangely fascinated; and the mere presence of a pure, lovable girl exercised an extraordinary influence over him. He felt that they would meet again. When the happy evening was over, when the last good-bye had been said,

when the carriage had borne her away, and he was walking home disconsolately, a strange kind of fluttering sensation took hold of him.

They met, and met again. Archie became a decent member of society, the butterfly acquaintances winged their flight, and all was happiness for the young people.

Mr. Abbott was a stern, matter-of-fact sort of man. He had heard of Archie's early shortcomings, and did not quite like the idea of this growing attachment. There are always busybodies enough in the world to chatter about everybody's faults. They mean no harm, but they invariably do a great deal. Mr. Abbott—and no one could blame him for it—heard the bad side, and did not think of testing the good; and so he made up his mind that Edith was not to be thrown away upon such a person as Archie Gage. He taunted him with his insufficient income, and intimated that it was madness to dream of becoming his daughter's husband until he was a richer man.

Just at this time, and when Archie was writhing under what he considered the cruellest of tortures, and railing at the inconsistency of high-principled people, an uncle of his, who was senior partner in a wealthy mercantile house in Calcutta, offered him what was considered at that time a lucrative appointment in India. He was told that he would have a good deal of drudgery to go through, but it was not for him, especially at such a time, to turn up his nose. He certainly could not afford to throw away so excellent a chance of advancement; and, somehow, he had a faint, romantic idea that this preferment might, by some lucky chance, be the stepping-stone to the heart of Edith, after all.

In a very few weeks the day for his departure was fixed.

That day came all too soon. Mr. Abbott inwardly congratulated himself on having unexpectedly got rid of so dangerous a personage as Archie. He was even condescending enough to beg that he would run down to the cottage he had taken on the banks of the Thames for the summer, before he went away, in order to say good-bye to those whom he sincerely wished might always be his best friends. Archie did not need much pressing. With a heavy heart, on the eve of his departure, he took the afternoon train to Wargrave, in order to "take last leave of all I loved."

It had been a brilliant summer day, and in the clear, cool moonlight that ensued they wandered out upon the lawn. Of course, they had much to say; but Archie was determined to tell Edith, openly and fairly, that he never could expect that their tacit engagement should be binding. A few short months, and the wanderer would be forgotten—such things happen so frequently. Another, in a worldly sense more worthy, but not a jot more honest, springs up; while the faithful one still

toils on, miles and miles away, and knows not, till it is too late, of what is going on at home.

They sat down in an old arbour, and the moon-beams trembled upon them through the quivering leaves.

The soft night-wind blew back a few disordered tresses of her hair upon his cheeks. She did not thank him for all he had said, all he had tried to do, all he had done for her sake, with that rare eloquence which might, had her nature been otherwise, have flown from her heart. Her lips refused her utterance, for her heart was too full then; but he read in her melting eyes her forgiveness for the past, her bright hopes for a golden future; and traced, in her soft, dewy tears, the surest proof of her tender, trusting love.

Dull, dull as lead, was the heart of one, at least, of the many passengers on board *La Maria Pia*, as slowly, the next morning, through the blinding mist, she was towed out of the Southampton Water.

Directly Archie Gage arrived in Calcutta he worked like a mill-horse; and in due time this energy was not altogether unrewarded. He had not been more than a year and a half in India before he had actually begun to save some small amount of money. But it was uphill, dreary work. However, work was the most pleasant occupation, for he heartily detested the society in Calcutta, and, no doubt, was voted rather a nuisance than otherwise. The general run of young ladies that one meets with in India are not very favourable specimens of their sex. They seem to make the whole affair of matrimony a kind of genteel mercantile transaction, and toss about with their pretty little fingers the susceptible hearts of eligible young men, very much as they would silks or satins in a linen-draper's shop. They were not very long in discovering that Archie took little or no interest in their frivolous amusements, and very soon stamped him as incorrigible, and a confirmed bachelor into the bargain.

He still kept on hard at work, and what he lost in the estimation of the fair sex he gained in that of his employers. Strange to say, his health showed no signs at all of giving way. He did his best to be as abstemious as he possibly could; so to this may partly, perhaps, be attributed the fact that for so long a time he preserved his liver.

He had not been in India much more than two years before arose the first signs of that hideous mutiny, which soon threw the whole country into such awful disturbance. Matters grew worse and worse, and tidings of a future more dreadful than all reached his ears. His blood boiled as he heard of the diabolical atrocities that were daily being perpetrated on our helpless countrymen and women. What could he do? Tied down and in duty bound to remain at the desk, he was ashamed to be com-

pelled to remain inactive at such a time. The period happily soon came round for a brief sojourn from work, in order to obtain a fresh lease of life and strength up in the hills. He determined to make the best use of this annual and ordinary leave of absence; and after a vast amount of contriving and persuading, he obtained the consent of his employers to enrol himself as a member of a volunteer troop of light horse, which was at that time being got up among the civilians, and which was to proceed at once to the scene of action, where assistance was most urgently needed.

He went through an immense amount of toil, privation, and absolute danger, but felt, however, at such a time, that all selfish feelings ought to succumb to what was so evidently a matter of duty.

It is useless to describe his wanderings hither and thither, or the merciless vengeance which he could not prevent from lurking in his heart.

It fell to his lot to be present at the siege and capture of Delhi. "I have got, and ever shall have," he wrote to me, "one or two ugly scars about my body, which will serve to keep in remembrance, though there is little chance of my ever forgetting, those days of glorious excitement."

Delhi had been taken and sacked. Archie's tent happened to be pitched just outside the walls of the city. One night, on returning, in order to catch a few hours of hurried slumber, he managed to lose his way among the labyrinth of tents that surrounded him on every side. It was a very dark night—black as pitch. He stumbled over the ropes of a tent, and got an ugly fall. On arising, he discovered that in his fall he had managed to cut his face very severely. The blood was pouring freely from the wound, and being in great pain, he was naturally rather irritated at his carelessness. What was it that had cut him? it must have been something sharp. He stooped down to ascertain. A light for one instant shot out from one of the tents. He fancied he noticed something glitter on the ground. His curiosity was aroused, and, picking up, he groped his way with difficulty to the tent. A little rubbing and a strong light were brought to bear upon what he had made up his mind was a sharp flint. A dull gold setting encircled the largest diamond he had ever seen!

When he slept that night, he dreamed of home and Edith Abbott. The volunteer service was over, and Archie's employers insisted upon his taking another year's leave of absence.

He was determined not to realise the treasure in India, knowing that he would not get half its value, and that in all probability he would be robbed, were it known that he carried about with him a vast quantity of ready money.

He was in a fever of excitement. There must be no delay. Home at once: of this he was determined.

A few short weeks, and all the arrangements were complete. Whose heart, I should like to know, was lighter than his, of all the passengers on board the Peninsular and Oriental Company's fastest steam-packet *Lightning*?

He thought the journey would never end. However, his impatience was at last rewarded, and he found himself, in all due time, restlessly tossing on one of the downiest beds that ever was made up in a London hotel.

He did not lose much time, next morning, in being directed to, and ultimately discovering, the first lapidary in London. In a flutter of anxious expectation he produced the jewel. Coldly and deliberately the man turned it, and examined it, again and again.

"It is a splendid jewel," said he; "perhaps the finest in existence. What is more, I am in a position to purchase it of you for the Russian court, if you are at all inclined to part with it."

"Fix its value at once," said Archie, in return; "jewels of such magnificence are no use to me."

"Fifteen thousand pounds."

He was thunderstruck; the price exceeded by far his most exaggerated expectations.

"I cannot help thinking it," said he to the lapidary, "a most extraordinary circumstance that you are prepared to pay so large a sum to me, a perfect stranger, and are able to put a value, at so short a notice, on a jewel which you have certainly never set your eyes on before."

"I should ill understand my business, sir," said he, "were I unable to do so. Of the value of this particular jewel I can have no particle of doubt."

"But have you no test?" said Archie, in his excitement; "if you have, I should rather like to see it; and indeed, it would, no doubt, be more satisfactory for both of us."

"Very well, sir, if you wish it."

The test was applied.

Three twists of a whizzing wheel, and this priceless jewel was shivered into a thousand atoms!

There was a blank look of horror on the lapidary's face. As for Archie, he sank down into a chair, speechless. All over, now and for ever. He must return to India without seeing Edith Abbott.

Next morning he received a full report from the lapidary about the jewel. It had been very carefully examined, both by himself and other very competent judges, and they had come to the conclusion that it was in reality a pure stone, but had been so affected by the excessive heat of the burning city that it would always have been liable to be destroyed by any very severe shock.

What was all this to him? The shock, such as it was, had robbed him of a more precious jewel than had ever glittered in the mines of Golconda.

As he sat in his room, he bowed his head upon his hands, and lifted up his heart to the great Healer (for while in India he had been led to think of high and holy things); then, casting his burden of disappointment and trouble upon One who has said, "Cast all your care upon me," he said to himself, with the sweet singer of Israel, "Why art thou cast down, O my soul? and why art thou disquieted within me? hope thou in God: for I shall yet praise him, who is the health of my countenance, and my God."

The Indian mail arrived. It brought him the intelligence of his uncle's death. "He had heard of his nephew's untiring energy, and subsequent dashing bravery," Archie Gage was the happy possessor of £2,000 a year.

Never did the bells of Wargrave church ring out a merrier peal, or the sun shine on a fairer bride, than on the day when Edith Abbott became Archie's own for ever.

God grant that when other bells ring out, not in merry peals, but tolling solemnly for one of them, there may be as much peace and as little regret.

THE MOUNTAINS.



WESTERN, western mountains,
That gird the western sea,
And belt the land with chained band,
Ye are a peace to me.

At morn from chamber-window
I gaze on your dim heights,
And by their tints, I mark the glints
Of early eastern lights.

Thus, Lord, I mark the glory
That nears heaven's day to me;
And from my soul the gloom doth roll
Before the light of Thee.

At eve from trellised arbour
I watch your golden peaks
And sunlit green; and the sunset scene
Thus to my spirit speaks:

"Rejoice, rejoice, O spirit,
For as in western skies
The sun in setting, mounteth yet,
So thou shalt set and rise."

O western, western mountains,
That gird the western sea,
And belt the land with chained band,
Ye are a peace to me. BONAVIA.

ON PROVIDENCE



HE essence of a proverb is to be terse, independent, even fragmentary. It need not be invariably nor literally true; but its truth must be far-reaching, and it must express the law, never the exception.

The diligent man does not always stand before kings, but his diligence always tends to the palace, not to the workhouse. And though a man knows something of "his way," and materially guides his own fortunes; though his energy, force, and skill must largely affect his career; though he will probably prosper, if he resolve to prosper; yet so many are the chances that envelop us, so often is the best scheme foiled, that even Solomon spoke no wiser proverb than this—"Man's goings are of the Lord; how can a man then understand his own way?"

In our day, so much is said about self-help, and the men who have risen; Clive and Hastings, Watt and Arkwright, Kitto and Jay, are so continually cited as patterns for the every-day young man to emulate, that it seems very needful to put forward the opposite truth. The self-reliant character is not the noblest, after all. He rises infinitely above the toys of chance that float on the tide of circumstance like drifting corks, helpless and current-borne, saturated with the brine and tossed with every wind that veers. Even his false faith gives him many a victory over the world. The star of the Napoleons is a poor creed, but infinitely better than none. "Impossible!" said Mirabeau; "never name to me that blockhead among words." "Heaven fights," said Buonaparte, "with the strongest battalions." And by their energy they thrive and prospered. But there came a time when the orator should leave his convention harangues;—the impossibilities got hold of him. And the soldier found at last that—

"A greater power than he could contradict
Had thwarted his intents."

Self-reliance plays a brilliant game, but a short one. And, after all, how many Mirabeaus never got into the states-general; how many Napoleons have been ruined in their first campaign. Let us own our weakness. "Give us this day our daily bread;" for safe though it lies under lock and key, it may never pass our lips. While the flesh was between the teeth of Israel, ere it was chewed, the angel of the Lord smote the people with a very great plague. "This day." To-morrow's bread we may never want. Who sees the grey dawn touching the east silently, without asking what it brings for him? "Mysterious prophet, whose face is hidden

in thy mantle, what errand called thee from the eternal shores? Is it a promise or a threat?" The prophet answers to all alike: "Wait. You shall see the answer presently. Hear it prematurely you shall not."

He is a fool who denies his dependence upon other men. A slander whispered in the dark may lay a reputation low as Jonah's gourd, when the worm gnawed it in the night. The dishonesty of a banker drags down hundreds who believe in self-help and getting on.

It is so in the smallest things as in the greatest. A child is wretched if his brother is quarrelsome, and a single scowling face will mar the excursion of a family.

Man is often compared to a vessel whose builder may choose whether she shall obey the winds without or machinery within. He is often as like a light-ship moored upon a sand-bank, lowered and elevated only by the changing tide. Abner dies as a fool dieth; and a woman with a stone balks the ambition of Abimelech. "The race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong, nor yet bread to the wise, nor riches to men of understanding, nor favour to men of skill; but time and chance happeneth to them all."

This is a degrading and miserable doctrine, fit to break the arm and paralyse the brain, where it is not balanced by a conviction of the rule of God. If I cannot guide the chariot, there is One who guides it. "It is not in man that goeth to direct his steps." True; but "man's goings are of the Lord." Here the true kings and conquerors of the world have looked for strength. Paul says, "Our sufficiency is of God." Luther says, "Here I stand; I can do no otherwise; so help me God!" And while selfish reputations are daily crumbling or crashing down, like houses built upon the sand, such as these emerge more beautiful, as the mists and shadows flee away.

In secular pursuits it is good to remember the providence of Him who rules our failure or success.

Prosperity has a whirl, an infatuation, a drunkenness for the soul, lurking in the lees of its delicious cup. Then pause: think how often you failed when you did better; how many elements of chance mingled with the enterprise you exult in; how faulty, how imperfect, how dangerous were your schemes; how easily everything might have gone wrong. Most humbling is the day after a crowning mercy, if rightly judged. Nebuchadnezzar cries, "Is not this great Babylon which I have built?" but would you rather resemble that inflated and presumptuous king, than him who had rescued a people from slavery, and baffled a hot pursuit, as he lies

low upon his face, and sobs, "If thy presence go not with us, carry us not up hence?"

Sorrow and disappointment are as likely to do harm as good. Many a temper is soured, many a heart is frozen, many an opening virtue is crushed by some great misfortune, and the very word "calamity" points back to grain-stalks which the hail has broken. The true comfort in sorrow is to look to its source, and think, Though my path is narrow, though thorns are on either side, and the shingle wounds my feet; yet God has bid me tread it, and it will surely emerge upon green pastures, which still waters lave. So, when Paul found his hopes blasted in a moment, his past life censured and his present errand condemned in thunder from the skies, instead of idly wailing, or weakly despairing, his first thought is of the future—"Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" In that voice of energy was discernible the fervent spirit that had made him the "chosen vessel," the great apostle to the nations.

This sense of Providence should be specially valuable to the poor, who are tempted to sigh over their limited sphere, to long for greater usefulness, if not for greater ease. Let them remember that the Church's war on evil is not a disorderly tumult, but an organised campaign, with its great Captain, its officers, and its men. Some sit in the council, and regulate the scheme of operations; but some must wearily dig the trenches, and sleeplessly guard the outpost, unnoticed, from hour to hour. Yet each is needful to all the rest, and each shall wear his medal by-and-by. Such truth is well fitted to moderate the extravagance of our desires, and cool the fever of our ambitions.

In the spiritual world its importance is so plain, that only two uses need be pointed out.

First. It helps self-examination.

The openly dissolute, the blasphemer, and the fraudulent can scarcely deny their master: but it is far otherwise with the reputable man, whose hands are clean, and whose heart is unsuspected; with the innocent man, whose unstained memory serves for a veil—white, but blinding—to his con-

science; with the easy-going man, who remembers that he never injures his neighbour, but forgets that he never serves his God. Let him ask whether he loves or fears to think of himself, not as leading, but as being led; whether in prosperity he is not only glad, but grateful; in sorrow, not only submissive, but resigned. Is life to him a stagnant pool, or a "pure river, proceeding from the throne of God and of the Lamb?" For although his life and that of his neighbour may to human eyes be almost indistinguishable, to God the difference may be wide as the east is from the west. Pharaoh and Moses, on the same night, led their hosts the self-same way; but the avenging floods burst upon the one, while the other sang in triumph from the shore.

Secondly. It explains temptation and trial.

There is no temporal affliction so perplexing as the cloud that sometimes settles down over a believer's mind, through which neither sun nor stars for many days appear, but prayer is dull and aimless, and faith jaded and perplexed. It is hard to look for light, and behold darkness; it is strange to cry for deliverance out of the furnace, and be left—though it be to glorify God—in the fire. Perhaps Paul was a little disappointed when he asked for the thorn to be removed, and only received encouragement when he expected relief. Then we have need to remember that the finger of God is in this thing, to recall to mind that purity is better than ease, and many a blemish can only be burnt out. Sin becomes plain when inner truths have thrown shining allurements into eclipse. The soul pants for God as a hart after the waterbrooks, when, like the chased creature, it has been in a dry and thirsty land against its will. The tree that meets the mountain blast is strong; the muscles grow brawny by exercise, and so are the senses exercised to distinguish good and evil. And if even this fail to clear away the perplexity, there remains the promise, what we know not now, we shall know hereafter. It is worth shedding tears to have them wiped away by the Lord Jesus in the paradise of God.

G. A. C.

A RAID FROM DUNKELD TO DUNROBIN.



HE railway, at length, has penetrated the Highland glens; and the whistle now shrieks and screams where were heard of yore only the war-cries of contending chiefs. If Rob Roy, or the gallant Montrose, or Roderick Dhu, or other historic head of a clan, could rise from his long sleep under his lonely cairn, and see for once a whole village sweep past in carriages without horses, at the rate of thirty miles an hour, he

would not believe he had returned to the world he had left a century and a half ago.

The Highland railway recently opened connects Perth with Inverness, and is continued all the way from Inverness to Bonar Bridge.

Dunkeld soon comes into view, with the beautiful Tay sweeping round it. The soft and delicious air, its lovely scenery, and its historic associations and reminiscences, have drawn to it the wealthy citizens of Perth and Dundee, and covered the ground with

picturesque villas and residences. The ancient cathedral, begun A.D. 1230, still stands. The nave is desolate and roofless; but the choir, restored by a former Duke of Atholl, is the parish church, where the simple service of the Church of Scotland is celebrated every Sunday. Dunkeld, with its monastery, was governed in early times by an abbot, who, a presbyter himself, with the other presbyters, acted as missionaries among the surrounding population. It appears to have been a copy of Iona in its ecclesiastical character.

Near Pitlochry are the falls of the Tummel, a few yards above its junction with the Garry, both being tributaries of the noble Tay.

The Blair—that is, the plain—of Athol, watered by the Garry, brings us to the far-famed pass of Killiecrankie. The precipitous hills that rise on both sides, covered with birches, and wooded to the very top, present a scene of unrivalled beauty, too rich and soft however to be expected in the gorge that opens into the wildest Highlands. But, beyond all dispute, it is one of the loveliest scenes one can look on of a summer day. Yet, beautiful as this pass is, it was the site of one of the most sanguinary battles in Scottish story.

Viscount Dundee was posted on the face of the hill with 1,800 Highlanders. Here he was attacked by Mackay, with 4,000 disciplined Lowland troops. The Highlanders rushed down like a mountain corrie on the advancing host, and swept all before them with irresistible force, pouring in their fire at close quarters, and gaining an easy victory. The victory was, however, to them and their side, dearly bought, for Dundee fell in the fight, and now lies buried where he fell. This celebrated character has his champions as well as enemies in modern literature.

The falls on the belt of Bonar and the Garry, hereabouts, are very many and very beautiful. A traveller might spend, with great enjoyment, very many sunny days amid hills and glens and waters, where the earth seems to have thrown up all her energies in trying to repair the calamities of the Fall, and to hurry on that Eden which will one day crown her history with a diadem that will no more fall from her brow.

It is interesting to notice the reparative tendencies of Nature. No sooner does a bare soil or a bleak rock appear—the result of some fracture—than she instantly sets to work to cover it with lichens, or ivy, or mosses, as if her eye could not endure to see a bit of deformity on her breast, or a blot on her once fair and beautiful brow. One cannot but hope that when man rises once more to the enjoyment of his forfeited dignity and greatness, the weary, weeping earth will rise with him.

We reach very soon, notwithstanding uphill work for the train, the ridge of the Grampians at Drumouchter and Dalnaspidal, i.e., the Place of the

Hospital, being nearly 1,500 feet above the level of the sea. It was here that General Cope drew up his forces in battle array, in order to meet the expected attack of the Highlanders under Prince Charles. Seeing they waited for him at Corryarrich, he left his ground in order to give battle, and thereby disastrously laid open to the Highlanders the road to the Lowlands.

Beyond this lies Badenoch, the country of the once powerful, but now utterly broken and scattered clan of the Cummings. The Lord of Badenoch was the chief of this clan, and no better than those who obeyed his commands, invariably careless whatever they were, or to whatever excesses they led. Sir Alexander Gordon Cumming, Baronet, of Altyre, claims to be the hereditary chief of the clan; but not a few of this once powerful clan dispute his sovereignty and his claims. Near Kingussie may be seen the large barracks of Ruthven, erected on the site and out of the ruins of the castle of the Cummings, or Lords of Badenoch. This clan, rigid and exactive from all it could reach or coerce, held several strongholds by Loch-an-Eilan and Lochinadorb, and also the strongholds of Raits and Castleroy. The rivers now flow toward the north. The Findhorn and the Spey reach the sea near Forres and Fochaber; while the Tay and its tributaries, starting from the same point, flow southward, toward Perth and Dundee. Forres and Grantown are very beautifully situated, under the shadows of the surrounding hills.

Not far out of the Highland railway road to Inverness lies Elgin, a very pretty, clean, and picturesque town, celebrated most of all for its ancient cathedral. This noble pile was called in former days "The Lantern of the North." The foundation stone was laid by Bishop Moray, A.D. 1224. Its length was 282 feet, its breadth 86, and the transept 115 feet in length. The portions of the edifice that remain are two eastern towers, with a noble window between, and an octagonal chapter-house with a clustered central pillar. Passing Nairn, we arrive at Culloden—the field on which the star of Prince Charles set never again to rise. The grass here grows green over the trenches, in which many a brave Highland heart lies still. Never was a cause more gallantly sustained, or clung to with greater or more disinterested, if desperate, enthusiasm. It must have taken no ordinary hold of the affections and genius of the Gael, inasmuch as the finest poetry and the most touching ballads of Scotland are richly inspired by reminiscences and enthusiastic love and admiration of "Bonnie Prince Charlie." All that was passionate, and pure, and noble in the heart of woman—all that was highminded, and devoted, and fearless in the best and bravest men that ever drew a claymore or trod the heather, were enlisted on the side of Charles. In 1745, the decisive year to him, if he

had made, or rather had been able to make, better and earlier preparation, it is doubtful on which banners victory had ultimately perched. But his Highlanders were starving, their chiefs gave way to petty jealousies, and Cumberland had time and resources to make ready to receive the mountain torrent of claymores, which swept before it the levelled bayonets of the first line, broke the second, and, weary and exhausted, perished in that of the third.

It was no doubt well and wisely ordered, however contrary to one's first feelings, that the Prince should be beaten, if only that one so good and so beloved as Queen Victoria should reign.

Inverness, with its palladium *clach-na-cudden*, sits a queen, amid mountains, lochs, and firths; and once a year, at the Great Northern Meeting, recalls a memory of the days of departed chiefs, and clans, and philabegs. The railway from Inverness, northward, brings us to Beaulieu, or Beaulieu—the Beautiful Place. The merest wreck of its ancient abbey, belonging to the Cistercian monks, remains. Within its sacred enclosure sleeps the dust of the Frasers, and Chisholms, and Mackenzies.

Not far from this are the ruins of Kilchrist, i.e., Cell, or Church, of Christ. About the close of the sixteenth century, many of the clan Mackenzie had assembled here for united prayer. The Macdonnells of Glengarry, charging on the Mackenzies the crime of taking the life of Angus, the eldest son of Glengarry, resolved now to have their revenge. They barbarously set fire to the sacred edifice, and every Mackenzie—man, woman, and child—that escaped from the flames they put to the sword. One of those deeds was done on this occasion that dim the honour and stain the history of the clans of Scotland.

Dingwall—a Scandinavian name in the midst of a Celtic population—is a very agreeable town. The ancient Earls of Cromarty have here a monumental obelisk to their memory. A few miles from Dingwall are the justly-celebrated wells of Strathpeffer. The water is precisely the same as that of Harrogate; and the air is vastly purer, and more bracing. New buildings for visitors are being erected, and in all likelihood Strathpeffer will eclipse in popularity, as it exceeds in sanitary virtues, Harrogate, and Moffat, and Bridge of Allan.

The whole district of Easter Ross, including Tain and Tarbatness, is beautifully wooded, and rich in cereal produce. Wheat is exported from these northern districts in great abundance. Near Fearn and Tarbatness is the old castle of Loch Slin, one of the strongholds of the powerful Earls of Cromarty.

Near Edderton station is the site of the old Abbey of Fearn, founded by the Earl of Ross. It was here that the gallant Montrose reached the beginning

of his end. With 12,000 men, swelled by no fresh accessions, he penetrated the county of Sutherland. He was surprised by Colonel Strachan, with 230 horse, and nearly 200 neighbouring clansmen. Unwilling to meet so many horsemen on level ground, he made for a rocky height, since called Craig-a-Chaonidh—the Rock of Lamentation. Montrose had to flee and find shelter where he best could—reduced to the utmost misery, and hunger, and want; and, lastly, was given up by M'Leod of Assynt for four hundred bolls of meal, and carried to the scaffold in Edinburgh, where he endured indignities that did not break his proud spirit, but left indelible disgrace on one page of Scottish history.

The railway ends at Bonar Bridge, from which coaches carry travellers along the edge of the Dornoch Firth to Dornoch. This is a neat and beautiful town, renowned for its ancient cathedral. The edifice is of great antiquity, and was restored, at an expense of £15,000, by the Duchess Countess of Sutherland, some forty years ago. There lies in one portion of it one of the first—if not the first—of the Earls of Sutherland, just as he died on his return from the Crusades. There are in the east end very beautiful monuments to members of the great ducal house, who died in recent times, by Chantry, and other celebrated sculptors. Once a year, during his residence at Dunrobin, the duke drives to Dornoch of a Sunday morning, accompanied by most of his guests from the castle, and worships where the dust of his forefathers sleeps in Him in whom they trusted. In front of the choir end of the cathedral is a line of noble chairs, stately as thrones, the central one occupied by the duke, the great chief of Clan Chattich, where the worshippers from the castle are seated. Being now the parish church of Dornoch, the service is, of course, that of the Church of Scotland. On this occasion—Sunday, October 1st—there was a very large congregation. The Rev. Dr. Cumming, of London, who, with many other guests of the duke and duchess, was staying at the castle, officiated. The Sunday previous he preached in the parish church of Dunrobin, when contrasts as great as this world can present were inclosed within the walls of the neat and simple parish church. In the ducal gallery were the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland, the Marquis and Marchioness of Westminster, with their family, the Earl of Clanwilliam, Lord and Lady Bagot, Lord Albert and Lord Ronald Gower, Lady Florence Gower, Sir Michael Shaw Stewart, and many others. On the floor of the church were Highland farmers, tenants, fishermen, and gillies. The rich and the poor there met together—peers in the light of heaven, however differing in the light of time; and they all seemed to feel the Lord was maker of them all. Dunrobin Castle is by far the most



"Your whispers floated on the summer air,
And woke me to my mother's morning kiss."—p. 122.

magnificent ducal or baronial residence in Scotland. Its lofty towers rise with a sovereign look above the woods that embosom it, and send the sunbeams from their white walls and battlements far across the Moray Firth. The castle was originally founded by the second Earl of Sutherland, A.D. 1097. His name was Robert; and hence the name of the castle, Dunrobin—Hill, or Hold, of Robert. The present edifice was added to the ancient castle by the father of the present duke. It combines the intermingling features of a French château, a Scottish baronial palace, and a Highland stronghold. The interior of the edifice is finely arranged. The state rooms for Her Majesty are truly magnificent in arrangement and in aspect. A princely hospitality adds to the charm and life of the whole. The duke is popular with the clergy for his liberality to the manse and incumbents of the churches of which he is the patron. Seldom do they ask for an alteration, improvement, or addition to their residences and glebes, and find it refused. The duchess is eminently beloved wherever the lands of the Lady of Cromartie or of the Dukes of Sutherland extend. As Countess of Cromartie, and inheritor of the earldom and estates of her forefathers, the Earls of Cromartie, nearly the whole of the County of Cromarty, from the German to the Atlantic ocean, belongs to her. She is also patroness of many livings; and in every instance it is well known to be her anxious, and it is generally her successful, effort to secure for every living a pious and faithful pastor.

Her Grace may be found any day in the "shielins" of the poor, or by the bedside of the sick. Whatever the castle can supply of food or raiment or medicine to such, she invariably places at their service. These and other acts have deeply endeared her, and surrounded her with an affection and a popularity of which one even in her exalted position may be justly proud.

The gathering-place of the clan Sutherland was the top of the bridge that crosses the burn at

Golspie. The gathering-cry is engraven on a pillar on the centre of the bridge:—

MORPHEAR GHATI
DO
GEAN DROCHET BEG
GIRMA
CHLAN CHATTICH
NAM
BUADEH

(The great lord of the cat at the top of the little bridge summons the children of the cat to victory.)

The Sutherland crest is a cat, and the clan was called the "children of the cat."

A great change is passing over the Highlands of Scotland. The railway blots out provincial, local, and social differences. It seems to carry effacing or modifying waves into every creek, or bay into which humanity has retired or been driven. The Gaelic hangs about the hills and rocks like a lingering mist from years long gone, reluctant yet doomed to fade away. The kilt, the ancient and national dress of the Highlander, is only seen on holidays.

The chivalry and poetry of feudal times is absorbed into the prose of material interests. It is really a question how far it is a change for the better. Railways are splendid creations, but if they serve to diffuse a universal thirst of money, a ceaseless struggle to get rich, and a contempt for anything superior to such material possessions, their great convenience is bought at a high price. Whatever were the faults and imperfections of the days that preceded 1715 and 1745 in Scotland, there was much paternal in the rule of the chief, much devotedly affectionate in the attachment of his clan; while the institution was frequently glorified by noble deeds, the reflection of which still lights up the retrospect, and they are woven into the richest and finest poetry of our country. There is no desire anywhere to recall the irrevocable. But very many feel money is not everything, and speed is not the grandest achievement, and locomotives are not the best and greatest things in this life of ours.

THE WOODBINE.



PEN those primrose lips, my woodbine sweet,

For I am fain to steal their breath away;

As erst in childhood when, on tiptoed feet,
I drank the nectared odours of thy spray,
Though little thinking that an after day
Would hold such unbought raptures dearer far
Than hours waited for with long delay,

And won at last, as soldier's ribbons are,
By dint of many a lifelong lasting scar—
Scars that are not less felt because imprest
Deep in the heart, instead of on the breast.
Open those primrose lips, my woodbine fair,
Their perfume will recall life's early bliss,
When through my bedroom window draped with care,
Your whispers floated on the summer air,
And woke me to my mother's morning kiss.

A. W. BUTLER.

GROWING IN GRACE.

WHAT is growing in grace but a growth in the knowledge of Jesus and his character, and so a realisation of his love toward us, with a corresponding love in return, which will, under all circumstances, keep the soul in perfect peace? And although we are sinful, yet in seeing this abounding love we lose sight of our sins, and are lifted up out of all doubting as regards our eternal salvation, and so saved from all fear.

The question is asked—How can we have such views of Christ? There is no power in ourselves by which we may obtain such apprehension of Jesus, as shall lift the veil which hides his glory from us; and how can we love him whom we have not seen, and do not see?

Sometimes we hear this answer—Use the means, read, pray, work, do your whole duty, and thus becoming absorbed in Christ's work, you will forget self.

Ah, yes; but it is an uphill work to be faithful to my Beloved without this love burning in my heart. I do attend to all these duties, but it is not easy. If I felt thus toward my dearest earthly friend, my daily task would be hard indeed; but love quickens the step, lights up the feelings, and when this earthly love glows, we do not weary, and duties are pleasures. Now how can I obtain this love for Jesus, such as shall make my duties to him pleasant?

What is it that begets this love for an earthly friend? Is it by looking at one's-self, to see whether we love, that love is begotten in the heart? Is it by dint of effort, or by works of any kind, or by trying to bring about a right state of feeling, that we learn to love? Or what is it that creates or produces earthly love? Is it not by seeing, and dwelling in thought upon the object of our affections? How strange it would seem, if in forming earthly friendships we went about doing the same, using the same means to bring about an attachment that we use in our efforts to love Jesus; and then, too, how little real love exists in the heart, where one is looking within to see whether love exists.

The more, then, we study what Christ is, and the more we see of his character, the greater must be our love for him, and the more constant will be our communion with him; and the more we see how great is his love toward us, the grander and more glorious will he appear; and as we behold him, we shall be changed into his image, and become like him.

We cannot study the character and works of Jesus without loving him; and as love begets love, so duties cease to be tasks, but become real pleasures, in which we may take delight, even esteeming it a privilege to be used by him for any service whatever, looking to him to be sent, happy to go when and wherever he tells us to go, and ever waiting to do his will.

DEPARTMENT FOR THE YOUNG.

ONLY JUST ONCE.

NOW, boys and girls," said Mr. Raynor to his children and their visiting cousins, "you may play anywhere you please in the garden, but don't go into the green-house."

"Thank you, uncle!" "We won't go into the green-house!" and similar replies leaped from the lips of half a score of cherry-cheeked masters and misses, who were all alive with fun and frolic as they ran from the house-door toward the garden-gate.

Most of them were city children visiting their cousins, Robert, George, Mary, and Harriet Raynor, at their country home. When they were pretty well wearied out, one of the cousins, named Joe, cried—

"Let us sit down behind the green-house in the shade, and rest a while."

"Let us sit round that pear-tree," said laughing Alice, another city cousin.

A few moments later these happy children were all seated on the grass under the pear-tree.

After some time Cousin Joe moved to the green-house, and, mounting a stone, peeped in through the glass. A few minutes later he shouted—

"My! what beautiful flowers!"

This exclamation brought all round him.

"Let us go inside and look at them," said Joe.

"So we will," replied George.

"Pa said we mustn't," said sweet little Mary Raynor.

"And we promised him we wouldn't," added the meek-eyed Alice.

"Well, what if we did?" retorted Joe. "We won't hurt the green-house. We will only just walk round it once. What do you say, Cousin Robert—shall we go in?"

They went in, all but Mary and Alice, who went back to their seat on the grass beneath the big branches of the old pear-tree.

The city cousins were delighted with the long

rows of fuchsias which rose one above the other on the shelves of the green-house. They all passed slowly along, making various remarks, and laughing until they forgot they were treading forbidden ground. At the end of the house they saw a collection of cactuses, which amused them very much.

"What queer things!" cried Harriet.

"There's one that looks like a snake," said Robert.

Joe now touched one of the flowers with his finger. As he did so Harriet brushed past him and pushed him toward the step which ran along in front of the shelves. He tripped forward, and his hand striking heavily on the flower, it dropped from its stem to the ground.

"Now you've been and gone and done it, Master Joe," said Robert Raynor. "That plant cost my pa ever so much. He sent it home only yesterday morning. Won't he be vexed!"

"Let's go," said Harriet, running toward the door of the green-house.

"What, my children, in the green-house!" said Mr. Raynor, in a stern voice, as he met them on the threshold.

"We only walked round it just once," said Joe, by way of apology.

"Didn't I tell you not to go into it at all?" asked Mr. Raynor.

"Yes, sir, but we only meant to go round it once," persisted Joe.

"Only once? Wasn't that as truly a violation of my command and of your own promises as if you had gone round it a hundred times?"

"Yes, sir," said Joe, blushing; "but we didn't mean to do any harm."

"Joe, I'm ashamed of you," said Mr. Raynor, in a voice more stern than before. "Isn't disobedience and lying harm?"

Joe was silenced. Harriet then stepped up and said, "Mr. Raynor, we broke one of your flowers, but we didn't mean it, sir. It was an accident. We are very sorry."

Mr. Raynor was vexed when he saw the cactus flower lying on the ground, but his vexation was lost in the grief he felt at seeing how easily his children and nieces had trampled upon his wishes and their own promises. Leading them to the pear-tree, he sat down among them and said—

"Children, you have allowed your curiosity to control your consciences. It was very natural you should desire to see the inside of my green-house, and I meant to gratify you at a proper time; but you ought to have let my wish and your promises control that desire. As for Joe's plea about your purpose to go round the house *just once*, it isn't worth a button. Doing a wrong thing *only once* does not make that wrong thing right, but it does make it easier to do it again. If a thing isn't right to do twice, thrice, or oftener, it isn't right to

do *once*. That '*only once*' is a miserable cheat, and has led millions into the ways of evil and death. On the contrary, if you refrain from doing a wrong *only once* you are safe. If you don't enter a path you can't walk in it. If you don't begin to do wrong you can't go on in sin. I hope, therefore, that henceforth you will never be cheated into committing sin by that miserable sham of a fellow called '*Only once*.'"

THE ITALIAN GIRL.

A RHYME FOR YOUNG READERS.

WIST to that voice so ringingly clear,
Those tones so simple, and full, and
pure;
Whence came the songster that warbles
here,
And looks on the ground with eyes demure?

Her dark hair curls on her shoulders thin,
The long lashes screen her sweet black eyes;
And the brown, though soft, transparent skin
Tells she was born under warmer skies.

In Italy, the land of her birth,
She has left her mother's blossoming grave,
And come to a colder spot on earth,
With her father, over the bounding wave.

Her father is only an organ man,
And roams the city from morn till night;
And though he tries as hard as he can,
Hunger and want are grim foes to fight.

She sings in a language we do not know;
Yet give her a penny to buy some bread,
And her blessing, though spoken so strangely and
low,
Will surely rest on your youthful head.

KEY TO ENIGMA ON PAGE 109.

"Eschew evil, and do good."—1 Peter iii. 11.

1. E nhakkore.....	Judg. xv. 19.
2. S ennacherib	2 Kings xix. 6, 7, 37.
3. C enchrea	Acts xviii. 18.
4. H ananiah	Jer. xxviii. 16, 17.
5. E li's	1 Sam. iv. 11.
6. W ay	John xiv. 6.
7. E leazar	1 Sam. vii. 1.
8. V ashti	Esther i. 11, 12.
9. I chabod	1 Sam. iv. 21.
10. L amech	Gen. iv. 23, 24.
11. A hithop'el	2 Sam. xv. 12.
12. N athanael	John i. 49.
13. D aniel	Dan. vi. 10.
14. D eli-h	Judg. xvi. 5.
15. O thniel	Josh. xv. 17.
16. G amaliel's	Acts xxii. 3.
17. O mer	Exod. xvi. 16.
18. O nesimus	Col. iv. 9.
19. D athan	Numb. xiv. 31—33.

THE FAMILY HONOUR.

BY MRS. C. L. BALFOUR, AUTHOR OF "THE WOMEN OF SCRIPTURE," ETC. ETC.

CHAPTER XVI.

FAMILY MEETINGS.

"But oh! mankind are unco weak,
And little to be trusted;
If self the wavering balance shake,
It's rarely right adjusted."

BURNS.

ANY event that saved Miss Austwicke the trouble of decision in the perplexity into which she had fallen was welcome; and therefore, when there came a letter announcing the speedy return of Mr. Basil Austwicke and family to London for the winter, and containing a cordial invitation to her to accompany her niece home, she felt as if released for a time from the performance of her promise to her dead brother, and, shielded by intercourse with the younger branch of her family, from the possible annoyance of many more interviews just now with Burke. Annoyance not danger, was what she dreaded. As to the consequences of swerving from the beaten track, she had no fear, because, habituated to think that what she did was right, she could not clearly realise that she had diverged. It is only the humble and vigilant, who watch themselves with jealous care, who can plainly detect where the path gently curves, and leads them out of the straight road. It is true that some voluntarily choose the by-paths and crooked ways of life; these are the resolute or crafty rebels against Divine and human laws. But the far greater number of moral delinquents set out meaning to go a right course; strong in their own pride of good intentions, feeling in no need of heavenly guidance and humble trust, so they lean to their own understanding, and, while confident of being in the right way, are blindly treading the downward path to ruin and death.

For some days all was bustle at the Chace, arranging for the departure of Miss Austwicke and her niece; the former now added considerably to the wardrobe, which had been packed in a single portmanteau, and never since disturbed, in the hastily planned and abandoned journey for Scotland. At length—when the weather had completely broken, and the woods at Austwicke, after three days' battling with stormy winds, were laying down their leafy banners in wet and faded heaps before the breath of the approaching conqueror, Winter—the old travelling-carriage was again on the road, and the ladies, with Martin inside, and the roof and rumble heavy with luggage, set off for town, leaving Mr. Gubbins in the undivided dignity of major-domo at the Hall, a position that sometimes brought him into such wrangling collision with Martin, that he did not greatly lament her departure—indeed, was so far propitiated, that when, as her parting injunction to her fellow-servant, the waiting-woman said, as she walked by his side through the passages to the hall, "Don't you let Mrs. Comfit interfere, she's quite superannuated—wi' sending any more of her hangers-on, or her nieces, or their cousins

into the family. Gracious me! they're as thick, them Comfits, as limpets on a rock. When Betsy's married—and, goodness knows, she's talked long enough about it—you take and get somebody as is expiarynced; no more of your marrying minxes, a-hupsettin' everybody; mind that, Gubbins."

"Ay, ay; trust me. I'll have a staid 'un; I've heard of one."

"Not out of the village, Gubbins, surely?"

"Village, indeed! no, from Southampton; a north-country 'oman."

"Well, well; I'm sorry I didn't see her, so as to have spoke to missus——about it. But you can do all right."

"I should think I could by this time o' day. You mind as you does likewise."

That evening saw the party arrive, not a little tired, from a journey that they might have performed in a third of the time, if Miss Austwicke had not yielded to her prejudices. However, she had the dignity, as a compensation for a headache, of driving up to her brother's house in Wilton Place with all the stateliness of smoking posters, soaking wet postilion, and mud-bespattered carriage.

The family had arrived the day previously: and as it was within half an hour of dinner-time, and Mrs. Basil Austwicke had expected her sister-in-law and daughter by train earlier in the day, she had given them up, and was comfortably making her toilet, which even when they dined *en famille* was elaborate, when the commotion in the house announced the arrival. Her vexed comment as she ascertained the fact—

"Posted to London. Absurd. In that lumbering Noah's ark, with the Austwicke arms duly blazoned—idiotic!"

After which pithy verdict she resigned herself quietly to her maid, who was braiding her hair and now and then measuring her mistress's features in the glass so as to keep herself *au courant* with her mood, as a skilful waiting-woman should.

Miss Austwicke, on being shown to her chamber, did not omit to make her comment on the degeneracy of modern manners.

"No one to receive us!" said she, as she walked up-stairs.

"We have come, aunt, no doubt, at a different hour from that at which we were expected," apologised Gertrude, taking her aunt's hand as she entered her room, and lifting up her face to give her a welcoming kiss. "I am mamma's representative, you know."

"It was different, Gertrude, in my time," replied Miss Austwicke, gravely; and yet returning the welcome of her niece, and dismissing her to her own room.

Martin dressed her mistress in what she afterwards described as "hasty pudding fashion—all boil and stir."

It must be owned, if that was the effect on the maid, a very different result seemed to be attained by the

mistress. She was more cold and rigid than ever when she entered the drawing-room, clad in the stiffest of mourning silks, and manacled with the largest of jet chains, crape lappets, like bat's wings, falling from her head.

A tall lady attired in a silver-grey slip, with a black net dress over it, and a pearl comb in her hair, came forward to meet her. There was a twinkle of derisive laughter latent in the eyes. These eyes and very fine teeth gave a distinguishing charm to a face not otherwise beautiful. But no one noticed whether the mouth was too wide or the cheek-bones too high, when the undoubted brilliancy of the face flashed forth; and even if the defects of decidedly coarse features were noted, a commanding figure compensated for all minor faults. Mrs. Basil Austwicke was always spoken of as a "very fine woman." It must be owned Miss Austwicke did not by any means thaw as her sister-in-law said—

"You must be dreadfully tired; I quite feel for you, so long upon the road. We landed yesterday, and came from Dover in three hours—full twice the distance that it is from the Chace. I'm quite sorry for your fatigue—and poor little True, I have not yet seen her—has she been obliged to go to bed?"

"I am here, mamma, not a wink of sleep in my eyes, I assure you," said Gertrude, who had followed her aunt into the room, and been for a minute obscured from notice by that sable cloud.

"Ah, I did not see you, *petite*—that's no wonder; one must search, rather than merely look for you."

Gertrude made no other answer than taking her mother's hand—a white, jewelled hand—fondly in hers, and stooping over to kiss it; for the lady stood so elaborately upright, that any other embrace was not easy. However, she looked down pityingly, rather than proudly, on the little creature whose fair curls, as she bent her head, were falling over the hand she was caressing. Mrs. Basil Austwicke, raising her other hand, laid it a moment on the curls, and then turning up the face, and holding it by the chin as one does a child's, perused it for a moment, and, bending lower than was needful, touched her forehead lightly with her lips, saying—

"You keep your likeness, True, to the little old dame, Grace Austwicke: you do not grow out of it."

"Grow! no, True does not grow out of anything," said rather a plethoric voice. A stout, comely gentleman stepped up to Miss Austwicke as he spoke, and greeted her very cordially, his eyes glancing over her very deep mourning, and as he looked, after a moment, saying, rather to her dress than to herself—

"Couldn't get home to the funeral. Should have liked to show the last respect to him, poor fellow. Fortunately he saw you."

"True is waiting for papa's welcome," said Mrs. Basil, breaking in upon a mournful, and as she thought, disagreeable topic.

"I have seen papa," said Gertrude, walking to his side.

"Yes, she invaded my sanctum before she had been five minutes in the house. I shall certainly, in future, lock myself up from her," said Mr. Basil, patting his daughter's head fondly.

A tall, ruddy youth came in just then, and almost

lifted Gertrude off her feet as he shook hands with her. This was her eldest brother Allan. Dinner was announced, and Miss Austwicke, looking approvingly at her nephew, whose frank face pleased her, marched erectly at her brother's side, and entered the dining-room in solemn silence, which Mr. Basil was the first to break, when they were all seated, by saying—

"Honor, you have not asked me about De Lacy."

"As long as my nephew De Lacy Austwicke resolves on neglecting his native land, I am really not so interested in him as I should be, considering who——"

She paused, and looked rather shyly towards Mrs. Basil, who completed the sentence—

"Considering who and what he is—the heir of Austwicke, of Austwicke Chace."

"Exactly so," rejoined Miss Honor, a little defiantly, the sinews of her neck becoming rigid with the erectness of her head.

"Well, he's coming to England, and so you may renew your interest in him, Honor."

Gertrude interposed with a question—

"What is cousin De Lacy like?"

"Don't, True; pray don't say that word," said Mrs. Basil, putting up her hand deprecatingly.

"What word, mamma?"

"Mamma does not approve of your 'cousining' him," whispered Allan.

"Like? my dear True," said Mr. Basil: "a big, raw-boned fellow, with dark brows and a resolute face. Not much—I may say it here among ourselves—of the Austwicke comeliness."

He drew himself up as he spoke, and his lady wife, sitting opposite to him, looked with as much surprise as she could throw into her expressive eyes; but Miss Austwicke ignored her look, and said—

"As to his appearance, he is not unlike his great-grandfather, Bennett Austwicke, generally called Black Austwicke. What I want to know is, about his manners."

"Rough as a bear—a Westphalian bear. Takes long pedestrian journeys, as if he were a wandering German journeyman; talks of going on the next African exploring expedition. I did not dissuade him. Herr Bath, his tutor, has been formerly a great traveller, and pines again, I fancy, for change. He comes to see some scientific men here, and De Lacy comes with him. He—the tutor I mean—is not at all in my way, so I did not ask him here. Of course, I asked De Lacy, and frankly told him he was welcome to come home with us. But he evidently prefers his Germans."

"*Tant mieux*," said Mrs. Basil, giving a look, at which the ladies rose from the table, and went with her to the drawing-room.

Gertrude, anxious to prevent any of those topics which, as they were known to be unpleasant, were, like a lame foot, always very prominently in the way, began rather abruptly to say—

"Mamma, as you said in your last letter that you thought of my having lessons at home, I do wish you would let me study with my old master, Mr. Hope; I really felt he improved me."

"Study!" said Miss Austwicke; "what in the world does a lady want with study?"

That deprecatory remark of Miss Austwicke's determined the fate of Gertrude's request.

"Oh, I'm favourable to sound studies for ladies. The age of ignorance, my dear Honoria, is now as obsolete as—as—what shall I say?—pardon me, as the Austwicke travelling-carriage. True must study. True may never marry; and I remember Lady Mary Wortley Montagu—and she's an old authoress—writing about her granddaughters, laid it down as a rule that they should have a learned education."

"Oh, that is far above poor little me," said Gertrude. "I only want to peck, like a bird, some few little seeds of such knowledge as I love; and dear old Mr. Hope—he is too old, Miss Morris wrote me, to be retained at Miss Webb's—would give me twice the time, and four times the instruction of a more fashionable master."

"Did I not say you should have him? Why do you appeal to your aunt?"

How little did either of the three suspect that the future would be influenced by that carelessly given promise!

CHAPTER XVII.

A MORNING CALL.

"Smitten with a wild surprise,
She gazed on those unconscious eyes."

ALTHOUGH it was a season in which the most fashionable districts of London were empty, yet there is always a large number of professional families, lawyers, and doctors, whose duties compel residence, through the winter, in the great city. Mrs. Basil Austwicke's acquaintance lay chiefly among these, and she was likely to be, for some days, busy, making and receiving calls. Gertrude was not yet her mother's companion—in conventional phrase, "not out;" and Miss Austwicke declined accompanying her sister-in-law, preferring rather to renew her intimacy with one or two ancient dames resident in apartments at Hampton Court Palace, and also enjoying, as a country lady should do, the pleasure of shopping; so that Gertrude was left pretty much to her own desires, and as these led her to study, the ladies were not much together during the day.

Gertrude did not allow the permission to have Mr. Hope's lessons to be long unused. She wrote the day after, and a letter from Marian Hope, in reply, told her the disappointing tidings that he was too ill, at present, to leave home.

Though Gertrude knew nothing of poverty of that bitterest kind which visits the home of education and refinement, she had the prescience of a sympathising nature; and with tears in her eyes she flew to her aunt, saying—

"I should like to call on Miss Hope, Aunt Honor, I am sure she is in trouble; and she is such a sweet girl. You know how beautifully she works; and she is clever, too, in many ways—very clever."

"Why should not your mamma call upon the young lady?" inquired Miss Austwicke.

"Oh, mamma has so much to do just now—so many people to see. She is never at leisure to do good—to

be kind—that is— Dear me, I don't at all mean that, aunt."

"I hope not, child," said Miss Austwicke, secretly enjoying Gertrude's words.

"It's the very greatest censure that could be uttered, and therefore very stupid of me. But if you would go and take me——"

"I am at leisure for duty, Gertrude;" Miss Austwicke looked very stately in her self-satisfaction as she spoke, continuing, "and as I wish to express my great satisfaction with the embroidery Miss Hope did, and she might help me with her opinion about a shade I want to introduce into my David in the Cave of Adullum—Miss Linwood, in my time, was the best delineator of a cave—but, as I was saying, I will call on Miss Hope. Hope was, I think, originally a Dutch name."

"Dutch! Hope, aunt, I thought, was universal," laughed Gertrude, delighted at her success. "But when will you go? To-morrow?"

"Why not to-day, it is not yet twelve? and for a wonder in this London, there is a wintry sun."

"But mamma has the carriage."

"I hope, child, that I have not lost my walking powers; the ladies of my family used to be good walkers."

"And it really is not far. Thank you, aunt," and she tripped off to get ready. Miss Austwicke, summoning Martin, was soon equipped; and avoiding the more crowded streets by going part of the way along the south side of Hyde Park, in less than three-quarters of an hour they had found their way to Mr. Hope's door.

Though she was very poorly clad, no one could possibly mistake the tall girl, whose rich dark hair was braided back from her face, showing its pure oval, and the delicate regularity of the features—no one could mistake her for a servant as she opened the door; and both ladies slightly bowed as they inquired for Miss Hope.

Mysie—for it was she—blushing deeply (the quiet of their abode being so seldom broken by a visitor, that some confusion was natural), showed them into the little bow-windowed parlour, saddening to thoughtful eyes in its painful cleanliness. On the table some papers were lying, in an engrossing hand, on which the ink of the copyist was yet wet. It was manifest their coming had sent away the occupant; but almost before they could look round, Marian Hope, paler and thinner than when Gertrude saw her last at Miss Webb's, entered the room, and seemed—by the delicate neatness of her simple black dress, and white collar and cuffs, and the brightness of the hair that in smooth bands added to the calm softness of her face—to shed a refining influence on all the sordid details of the place, just as moonlight spiritualises a scene. The quiet, self-possessed grace of her unobtrusive manners Miss Austwicke, was of all persons, most competent to appreciate; and involuntarily that lady was surprised as well as charmed.

Instead of apologies for intrusion, which she had patronisingly designed to utter, she began at once to speak of Mr. Hope's illness, and to tell Marian how often Gertrude had spoken of her; how glad she was to make her acquaintance, and how much she admired the screens that Gertrude had shown her, and that she should value her opinion on a large picture she was working. When

Miss Austwicke pleased, she could be winning. Her hauteur was not mere vulgar, outward assumption; perhaps her pride was all the more a vital failing for being deep seated.

Marian's pale cheek faintly glowed as she said, "I do not merit all the praise for my work. I have help, very efficient help, from Mysie, here." The young girl had obeyed a signal of Marian's hand, and stayed in the room.

"Your sister?" said Miss Austwicke.

"No, my pupil. My parents—my dear father—has brought up Mysie and her brother."

"Oh, I remember," said Gertrude; "the twin brother and sister I have heard you speak of at Miss Webb's."

"Twin brother and sister!" it was a simple sentence, but it struck like a dart through Miss Austwicke, who, chilled to the heart by the shock, could not for a moment speak or move, or do anything but fix her eyes in a wide, open gaze on Mysie.

Gertrude saw the start and look, and, glancing at the bright, but nearly fireless grate, feared her aunt was cold; and yet for delicacy could not inquire if it were so.

She diverted Miss Hope's attention from what she took to be a chilly shudder, by asking after Miss Morris, who was known to Marian, and some of the school-girl intimates she had had at Miss Webb's; communicating the fact that she was henceforth to study at home, and trusting that Mr. Hope would soon be able to give her the benefit of his instructions.

While she spoke, Mr. Hope, who it was reasonable to infer had been changing his dressing-gown for a more presentable, but yet most certainly threadbare coat, came in, leaning on the arm of the youth Norry, whose dark, strong-featured face looked stern, almost sullen, as he supported the feeble steps and panting form of his master.

Miss Austwicke did not rise: she could not. Her eyes, which had been fixed on Mysie, now turned to the youth, who at first did not look at either lady, being entirely occupied in leading Mr. Hope, and placing him in his chair. As soon as he did so, Gertrude, both from the promptings of her own feelings, and to cover, what she thought, a painful absence of mind, or an un-comfortableness in her aunt, was taking her old master's hand, and expressing her sympathy. Then the youth, having for a moment given a passing glance at her, lifted his eyes to Miss Austwicke, and saw the scrutinising and, as he thought, severe and insolent look she fixed on him. Their glances met. Neither seemed to have power to drop their eyelids and turn away. Involuntarily the boy's eyes kindled, and flashed out a tawny gleam that lighted up his whole face. He threw back his head proudly, and drew down his brows into a frown. Miss Austwicke was conscious of a certain surprise, that turned to angry defiance, in his gaze, and, like one awakening from a perturbed dream, drew a heavy sigh that broke the spell, and, turning her head, she looked so absently at Gertrude, that that young girl, alarmed, exclaimed—

"Are you not well, aunt?"

"Yes; that is—it's nothing—nothing. Pray do not be alarmed. Thank you. It's a mere sensation—nothing more."

The youth, with a hasty bow, had left the room; Mysie followed him, and returned in a few moments with a glass of water, which she handed to Miss Austwicke, wholly unconscious of the pang she was inflicting. Not for worlds, at that moment, could Miss Austwicke have taken the glass from her hand. Her brother's words, with the dying guttural in them, "My children—mine," rang in her ears. The room swam round with her, she leaned back in the chair, and fainted.

In that house there were not so many strong arms that they could, in an exigency, dispense with any, and the boy's retreating footsteps were arrested by Gertrude's cry. He returned to the room, and helped Miss Hope to turn Miss Austwicke's chair round, so that she faced the bow-window, which he then threw open, just as an old man with a pack was resting his load on the doorstep, and could now see the whole interior of the parlour. The youth warned him off impatiently, and even Marian's gentleness was irritated, as the man lingering and beginning to say—

"Pray look at my choice assortment—shawls, ladies, and—"

"No, man—no. Be off, I say," cried the youth.

The wrinkled visage drew together like a shrivelled leaf, and with one keen look darted into the room he shouldered his pack, and retreated a little way up the lane, sheltering himself within the wicket-gate of the market-garden opposite.

Meanwhile, the cold air soon restored Miss Austwicke, whose faculties seemed to come back unclouded from their momentary overthrow. She rose to her feet, and with her white lips still a little numbed and twitching, apologised to Marian for giving trouble, and signed to Gertrude to leave; expressing a wish that Marian would come some morning, soon, and that Mr. Hope would speedily be able to resume his professional engagements.

Miss Hope and Gertrude both opposed Miss Austwicke's attempting to walk home, and Norry was dispatched to fetch a cab—for, though Miss Austwicke tried to make light of the attack, and was ~~then~~ astonished at and mortified with herself, her knees were trembling, and her heart fluttering in a way that was quite unusual to her healthy constitution.

She resolutely kept her eyes from looking at Mysie, preferring to occupy herself with Marian, whose calm sweetness fell like a cool hand on a feverish brow. In a little time the cab came—not unnoted by the peering eyes of the watcher behind the wicket-gate—and the ladies entered. The youth's clear voice, as it gave directions to the driver, was borne so well on the frosty air, that even if Old Leathery, in his ambush, had not before known the address of Mr. Basil Austwicke in Wilton Place, he could not have failed to learn it.

(To be continued.)